This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone ſet in the ſilver Sea,
VVhich ſerves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defenſiue to a houſe,
Againſt the enuy of leſſe happier Lands,
This bleſſed plot, this Earth this Realme, this England,
This Nurſe, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Chriſtian ſervice and true Chivalry,
As is the ſepulcher in ſtubborne *Iury*
Of the worlds ranſome, bleſſed *Maries* ſonne.
This Land of ſuch deare ſoules, this deare deare Land,
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement, or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
VVhoſe rocky ſhore beates backe the enuious ſiedge
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
VVith Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhamefull conqueſt of it ſelfe.
Ah, would the ſcandall vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death?

Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Buſhy, Greene, Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby.

Yor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Coalts, being rag'd, doe rage the more.
Qu. How fares our noble Vncle, *Lancaſter*?
Ri. VVhat comfort man? How ſt with aged *Gaunt*?
Ga. Oh how that name befits my compoſition:
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
VVithin me griefe hath kept a teadious faſt,
And who abſtaines from meate, that is not gaunt:
For ſleeping England long time have I watcht
VVatching breeds leanneſſe, leanneſſe is all gaunt:
The pleaſure that ſome Fathers feed upon,

Is

Is my ſtrict faſt, I meane my Ch
And therein faſting, haſt thou n
Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt
VVhoſe hollow wombe inhe
Rich. Can ſicke men play ſo
Gau. No, miſery makes ſport
Since thou doſt ſeeke to kill my
I mocke my name (great King)
Ric. Should dying men flatter
Gau. No, no, man living flatte
Ric. Thou now a dying, ſayſt
Gau. O no, thou dyeſt, thoug
Rich. I am in health I breathe,
Gau. Now he that made me,
Ill in my ſelfe to ſee, and in the
Thy death-bed is no leſſer then
VVherein thou lyeſt in reputati
And thou too careleſſe patient
Commit'ſt thy annoynted bod
Of thoſe Phyſitions, that firſt w
A thouſand flatterers ſit within
VVhoſe compaſſe is no bigger
And yet encaged in ſo ſmall a
The waſte is no whit leſſer the
Oh had thy Grandſir with a Pr
Seene how his ſonnes ſonne, thou
From forth thy reach he would
Depoſing thee before thou we
VVhich art poſſeſt now to depo
Why (Coſin) were thou Regent
It were a ſhame to let this Lan
But for thy world enioying bu
Is it not more then ſhame, to ſh
Landlord of England art thou
Thy ſtate of Law, is bondſlave
And ——— :by
Rich. And thou, a lunaticke l
Preſuming on an Agues priveli

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.45)